

*Troilus and Cressida.*

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;  
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:  
If there be rule in vntime it selfe,  
This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!  
That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe  
By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt  
Without perdition, and losse asume all reason,  
Without reuolt. This is; and is not *Cressida*:  
Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,  
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:  
And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,  
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,  
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:  
Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* getes:  
*Cressida* is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;  
Instance; O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:  
The bonds of heauen are sipt, dissolud, and loos'd,  
And with another knot siue finger tied,  
The factions of her faith, ors of her loue:  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,  
Other ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.  
*Ulys*. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached  
With that which here his passion doth expresse?  
*Troy*. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well  
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart:  
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy  
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.  
Harke Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;  
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*.  
That Slegue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:  
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,  
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,  
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,  
Shall dizzle with more clamour *Neptunes* care:  
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,  
Falling on *Diomed*.  
*Ther*. Heele tickle it for his concupie.  
*Troy*. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida*! false, false, false:  
Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,  
And theyie seeme glorious.  
*Ulys*. O containe your selfe:  
Your passion drawes eares hither.

*Enter Aeneas.*  
*Aeneas*. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:  
*Hector* by this is arming him in Troy.  
*Ajax* your Guard, staies to conduct you home.  
*Troy*. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:  
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,  
Stand fast, and weare a Caske on thy head.  
*Ulys*. He bring you to the Gates.  
*Troy*. Accept distracted thanks.  
*Exit Troylus, Aeneas, and Ulys.*  
*Ther*. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I  
would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:  
*Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of  
his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,  
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still  
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning  
diuell take them.  
*Enter Hector and Andromache.*  
*And*. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,  
To stop his eares against admonishment?  
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.  
*Hect*. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euerlasting gods, Ile goe.  
*And*. My dreames will sure proue ominous to the day.  
*Hect*. No more I say.  
*Cassa*. Where is my brother *Hector*?  
*And*. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:  
Confort with me in loud and deere petition:  
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt  
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night  
Hath nothing bene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.  
*Cass*. O, 'tis true.  
*Hect*. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.  
*Cass*. No notes of falke, for the heauens, sweet brother.  
*Hect*. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.  
*Cass*. The gods are deafe to hot and preeuill vowes:  
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Then spotted Liners in the sacrifice.  
*And*. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,  
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:  
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.  
*Cass*. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowes:  
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:  
Vnarme sweete *Hector*.  
*Hect*. Hold you still I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man  
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.  
*Enter Troylus.*  
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?  
*And*. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.  
*Exit Cassandra.*  
*Hect*. No faith yong *Troilus*; doste thy harnesse youth:  
I am to day ith' vaine of Chivalries:  
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.  
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,  
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.  
*Troy*. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;  
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.  
*Hect*. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.  
*Troy*. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,  
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:  
You bid them rise, and liue.  
*Hect*. O 'tis faire play.  
*Troy*. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.  
*Hect*. How now? how now?  
*Troy*. For th' loue of all the gods  
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;  
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swords,  
Sput them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.  
*Hect*. Fic saunge, fie.  
*Troy*. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.  
*Hect*. *Troilus*, I would not haue you fight to day.  
*Troy*. Who should with-hold me?  
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,  
Beckning with stierie truncheon my retire;  
Nor *Priamus*, and *Heecuba* on knees;  
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;  
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:  
But by my ruine.  
*Enter Priam and Cassandra.*  
*Cass*. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Fall all together.  
*Priam*. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:  
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;  
*Cassandra* doth foresee; and I my selfe,  
Am like a Prophet suddenly capt, to  
to tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore come backe.  
*Hect*. *Aeneas* is a field,  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,  
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare  
This morning to them.  
*Priam*. I, but thou shalt not goe.  
*Hect*. I must not breake my faith:  
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.  
*Cass*. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.  
*And*. Doe not deere father,  
*Hect*. *Andromache* I am offended with you:  
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.  
*Exit Andromache.*  
*Troy*. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,  
Makes all these bodements.  
*Cass*. O farewell, deere *Hector*:  
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:  
Looke how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents:  
Harke how Troy roares; how *Heecuba* cries out;  
How poore *Andromache* shrits her dolour forth;  
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,  
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,  
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!  
*Troy*. Away, away.  
*Cass*. Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leaue;  
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*  
*Hect*. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:  
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeke forth and fight:  
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.  
*Priam*. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about  
thee. *Alarum.*  
*Troy*. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, belecue  
I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleue.

*Enter Pandar.*  
*Pandar*. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?  
*Troy*. What now?  
*Pandar*. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.  
*Troy*. Let me reade.  
*Pandar*. A whorson tiske, a whorson rascally tiske,  
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and  
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one  
of this dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and  
such an ache in my bones; that vlesse a man were curt,  
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee  
there?  
*Troy*. Words, words, meere words, no matter from  
the heart;  
Th' effect doth operate another way.  
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:  
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;  
But edifies another with her deedes.  
*Pandar*. Why, but heare you?  
*Troy*. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame  
Pursue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.  
*A Larum.* *Exeunt.*

*Ther*. No  
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